

MUNICIPAL LOVE

CUPID IN CITY HALL

Seven Patients of "Heart Trouble" in Municipal Offices.

One Man and Six Pretty Girls May Bow to Decree.

VACCINATION HAS NO EFFECT

"Disease" Will Take No Matter What May Be Done.

Water Department Alone Will Contribute Two to Cause.

"Heart trouble" in its most serious form has struck the city hall and so rapid has been the spread of this disease, that seven patients, affecting six different municipal departments, are suffering with the last stages of the ailment. Strange as it may seem six of the patients are women and only one a man.

The engineering department claims the honor of offering the lone man as a sacrifice on the altar of cupid while the water department heads the list with two young women and the fire department, city attorney's office, food inspection department and the mayor's office trail along with one each to their credit.

Vaccination will do no good in any of these seven cases. It is stated, for the disease has progressed so rapidly and has gained such headway that it would not take "the opinion of all who have been interviewed regarding the matter."

There is one individual who will mourn the day when the happy seven will finally be discharged from cupid's quarantine, and that is the postman. He realizes the revenue from stamps caused by overweight letters will receive a jolt. The statement is made that no bulkier documents are received than are those recording the heart throbs, in ink, by a majority of the seven and they arrive with clock like regularity.

BIG BIRTHDAY DINNER

William Ellis Corey Celebrates Anniversary With "Billion Dollar Feed."

New York, May 6.—William Ellis Corey, the steel magnate, was 50 years old Thursday. In commemoration of the affair, a "billion dollar dinner" was tendered him at Sherry's. Eighty-six guests sat down at the tables and their aggregate wealth is conservatively estimated at that enormous figure.

According to the beautifully engraved menus, the dinner was given by Edmund Cogswell Converse and Amy Brose Morrell. The dinner which was held in one of the private dining rooms, started at 8:30 o'clock and continued for three hours.

The utmost secrecy was maintained regarding it. As the guests departed they declared it had no significance whatever and that it was merely a birthday celebration.

LESSON IN BIRDS

BIRDS TELL TALE

Topekan Discovers European War Moral Among Fowls.

Old Vet, Friend of Robins, Points Out Trouble of Races.

THEY RAN OUT THE SPARROWS

Red Breasts Would Not Share Crumbs With Others.

"It Is Only Human Nature," Said Man at Capitol.

A little, stooped shouldered, white haired old man walking south on Harrison street, arrived at a point just south of the west entrance of the state capitol grounds. There is a spot on the capitol grounds in this locality that is quite bare of grass and it seems to be a favorite place for robins to congregate and hunt for grub worms which bury themselves in the ground. The little old man stopped, when opposite this spot, to watch the red breasted birds hunt for their evening meal.

There were possibly 50 robins, busy plunging their bills into the ground after the grub worms, and rarely did they mark a spot without the desired result. Slowly but surely the robins came nearer and nearer to the little old man who intently watched them as they flitted here and there. Just as slowly his right hand crept to his coat pocket. Cautiously he withdrew it and the couple who were passing stopped to watch both birds and the little old man.

Biscuits in Pocket. Two bright, fresh, biscuits came out of the pocket with his hand and he slowly began to crumble them into fine particles, then throw the crumbs to the birds. At first they appeared frightened, then, gaining confidence, came closer to him, till finally, they gathered about him to partake of his bounty.

Three little sparrows came up and attempted to join in the feast. Instantly there was confusion in the ranks of the robins as they chased them away. Again and again did the sparrows attempt to gather some crumbs, only to meet with defeat for the robins would have none of their company at that meal.

"That," said the little old man, "is human nature for you, and it is typical of a great deal of the trouble in Europe today. You can't mix the races."

Freud of Murder Charge. Claremore, Okla., May 6.—James Keenan was acquitted in the Rogers county district court here, today, on the charge of having murdered Ed Quinn at Collinsville, Okla., last September. The trial had lasted for four days.

Strictly Modern. She—"Do you mind if I smoke?" He—"Oh, please do! I like the smell of it. All my sisters smoke."—Puck.

KEEP 'EM SHORT

ARTHUR W. HALL in the Boot and Shoe Recorder.

Say, woman, lovely woman, would you hide that picture hat? Ah, not for untold dollars would you do a thing like that. And have the tout ensemble of your costume fall down flat.

I guess not!

Shall the autocratic edict of some scheming French galsoots materially lengthen out the skirts of coming suits? And thus cause obscuration of those military boots? Keep 'em short!

Oh woman, charming woman, would you screen that "peek-a-boo" of so many stylish patterns—of such variegated hues? With a somber outside wrapper that allowed no peeking through? You would not!

Shall that badge of female freedom, the abbreviated skirt, be gradually lengthened till it trail in the dirt, and with the festive microbes most industriously flit? Keep 'em short!

Oh the shorter skirts are youthful—they turn back the hand of time. And they help to clothe the figure with a daintiness sublime. To return then to the bondage of long skirts would be a crime. Would it not?

Shall they change this pretty fashion when it's hardly at its start. And veil these proud creations of designers' dainty art? Let these long and lovely lovelies have a chance to play their part—Keep 'em short!

So send forth your ultimatum—most emphatic and complete. That you will not sweep the sidewalks as you promenade this street. And they shall ring down the curtain on your pretty little feet—Hold the fort!

Let the dressmakers in Paris hang out signals of distress. Before they tack on inches to milady's future dress. And inform them most politely they have got another guess—Keep 'em short!

The Music House



This One For Only \$15



This One For Only \$50



This Cabinet Victrola



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Complete For Only \$75



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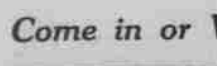
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Come in or Write J. W. JENKINS SONS MUSIC CO. Topeka, Kan.

Local News Events of the Past Week

As Depicted By Bolmar

SUNDAY.

MONDAY.

TUESDAY.

WEDNESDAY.



A steady, old fashioned down-pour of rain furnished an excellent excuse for nonattendance at church.



The Washburn college annual, the Kaw, made its bow to the public, bigger, better, more beautiful than ever.



Beginning day of the three day bi-state convention Loyal Order of Moose. Local members entertain delegates.



Three day meeting of the Kansas Medical society opens. Many important and timely matters were discussed.



Rev. Billy Sunday declined invitation to give Topeka day but softened refusal with bouquet of compliments.



Grand annual field day of the city public schools. Blue skies and sunshine give proper tone to the events.



Kansas artists met at the high school and formed organization for the purpose of elevating art.



Mr. Suburbanite will begin the long deferred work on that kitchen garden, if the weather continues fine.

In The Afterglow

By GRANDPA NORTON

In which an old man muses on the past, the present, the future

Do you remember the times that we had in the old days hanging May Baskets? The baskets were made of colored paper and filled with trailing arbutus or such other flowers as we could find. We had no colored crepe tissue in those days but there was a good natured man at the printing office who gave us the colored scraps of paper from under the paper cutter. Early in the evening of May Day the girls would hang their baskets and the boys would stay at home to receive them. Later in the evening the girls would go home and then the boys would sail forth and return the baskets. You know the rule was the little girl to approach the front door quietly and hang her basket on the knob, then knock on the door and run. Of course she needn't run so very fast for the boy would dash out and chase madly after her and if he should catch her she would be the same allowed him to kiss her.

Once upon a time there was a little boy and he knew a little girl with soft flaxen hair and a little lisp voice who lived in the next yard. This little girl had thrown out some hints about a certain little boy who might have a basket hung on his door knob on May Day. So when it grew dark on May Day eve this little boy was sitting close by the door waiting for the knock. At last there was the sound of a soft step on the porch and a little knock. The boy opened the door quickly and fairly flew down the path after the little white form that he could see in the gathering dusk.

Yes, he caught her just at the corner of the hedge. No, he didn't kiss her. Now this little boy was a sturdy chap and he was not afraid of most things. In fact he still had a darkened eye from the time but a few days ago when he fought a boy a full head taller than he who had made a nasty remark about this little girl's lisp voice.

When he caught her he was afraid and could only hold her arm and say, "I caught you." And the little girl hung her head and lisped, "I thought you would."

Then he told her of the crow's nest that he had found in a tall tree in the pine woods and that tomorrow after school he would climb to it and give her all of the eggs that he found. And the little girl told him that he just mustn't do that as he might fall and hurt himself and then what would she do. So he promised that he wouldn't but instead would come home with her and help in her flower garden. Then hand in hand they walked home, the long way around, through the shadows.

A very good friend of mine has a little granddaughter and I often go to their house at bed time and tell her little stories till the sand man comes. Recently I told her of hanging May Baskets in the old times and she asked about a hundred questions.

The next night I took down a basket of records that they might play on their talking machine and noticed that they were a long time in letting me in. When in the living room I noticed a few scraps of colored tissue on the floor.

May Day night I was sitting alone in my room trying to study out one of those book chess games where you are supposed to mate in seven moves when there came a little rap at my door. I hurriedly opened it and there was a little basket hanging from the knob and down the street was the sound of scurrying feet and childish laughter.

I toddled after her and down at the corner her mother was waiting. The little girl buried her head in her mother's skirts and cried, "You can't catch me now."

But I did get her, though she could not know when I pressed my lips to her soft hair, that the kiss was not in-



Arrayed in shining green and red She sits inside the window. And nibbles crackers, seeds and bread; Then sagely sideways tips her head To eye the passing stranger.

Complete the picture by joining together the dots. Begin with No. 1 and take them numerically.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Light promotes cleanliness?

A clean mouth is essential to good health?

Physical training in childhood is the foundation of adult health?

The U. S. Public Health Service issues publications on hygiene and sanitation for free distribution?

Isolation is the most efficient means of controlling leprosy?

Headache is Nature's warning that the human machine is running badly?

Bullets may kill thousands—flies tens of thousands?

Obesity menaces longevity?

How It Sounded. Bacon—What is your daughter doing at the piano? Egbert—Sounds as if she was setting her class yell to music.—Yonkers Statesman.

COLORS IN SHIRTS

This Is a Year of Flashy Effects in Male Attire.

Just Look Over the Modest Dressers in Topeka!

The most brilliant yellows, greens, oranges and purples are being used in male shirts this spring. Many such shirts, of the most violent character, are to be seen displayed in the gents' furnishing parlors.

Moreover there are found most every day young men of a singularly intrepid nature who are willing to wear them.

It was ever thought that the male was a modest dresser compared to his more ornamental wife, the idea gets a severe jolt this spring. There appears to have been a plot hatched among shirtmakers to throw a little pep and ginger into male dressing. In a way they have succeeded. The new shirts have zip and verve. But as something to wear—as a bit of costume or habit—when the shirt is not considered by the taxpayers of Singapore or some other remote and unenlightened seaport.

Some attribute the coloring in the new shirts to the shortage of imported dyes and stuffs and if this be so it is a vicious aspersion on domestic dyeing. Just what there is in the American temperament to encourage the production of such monstrosities it would be hard to say. Most sensible people would prefer to believe it is not deserved.

The new shirts however will perhaps find favor in some circles. They will be valuable at least in indicating the imbecile population of any community. If there are young men among your acquaintances who are firm in the chin up you have suspected, you may now make sure on the point.

Suits for \$60,000. New York, May 6.—Suits against the Cunard steamship line for sums aggregating \$60,000 were filed in the federal court today by relatives of persons who perished in the Lusitania disaster.

The complaints are similar to those related in a similar action begun recently by Mrs. May Davies Hopkins of Louisville, Ky., for \$750,000, that the Cunard line was negligent in methods of navigation through the German submarine zone. Plaintiffs in the suits began today included Winifred H. Brown, Buffalo, for \$150,000; Elizabeth Burk, Providence, for \$50,000; Allison Buchanan, Pottstown, Pa., for \$50,000; and Anna E. Mills, New Rochelle, N. Y., for \$250,000.

Preliminary papers were filed also in eight other suits.

Her Status. He—"What's her social status?" She (grimly)—"Standing room only."—Judge.

OUR FASHION LETTER

PAINT HATS NOW

Next to Your Face, Gertie, Your Chapeau Should Glisten.

Fruit and Fowls of the Air Pre-dominate This Year.

ALL HAVE PAINTERS' COLIC

Parasols Will Carry Out Designs Appearing on "Lids."

Everything Is Shown in Most Reckless Abandon.

BY MARGARET MASON. (Written for the State Journal.)

His arrow's feather Cupid dipped within his Psyche's hair. Then on his Psyche's hair he painted with rare art. And when the Summer girl smiled This love of a chapeau.

Next to your face, Gertie, next to your face your hat should be the most painted affair of the season.

No, of course not, Gertie, I'm not insinuating anything. Aren't your hats always next to your face?

All those artists who have been painting the town, or coloring their stories, simply aren't in it any more with the versatile brush wielders who can dash off a hatscape or two while you wait.

Birds, fruit and flowers are the choice subjects for these hat masterpieces. The artists go in for still life possibly because they believe while there is still life there is hope.

The fruit painted hats bear every known fruit, as reasonable and unseasonable, in reckless abandon. Peaches, apples, oranges, strawberries, grapes, pears, plums and citrus fruits chum together.

What a fortune our orchard crop would make if only our fruit trees were hat trees.

The hats painted in floral effects run to large blooms like hydrangeas, cabbages, roses and polonettes; even some of the lilies are gilded.

You know how it is yourself when the house decorators leave a little enamel or radiator bronze behind, how you go around touching up everything in sight.

The same thing evidently has happened to the fashion artists. With the paint left over from the hats they have lavishly gone about decorating evening frocks and afternoon gowns with handpainted festoons, garlands and nosegays.

The plain little tight bodices and bouffant skirts and panniers of taffeta on the evening models lend themselves beautifully to handpainted ornamentation.

A handpainted muslin chiffon or silk frock for a bright summer's day is perfect apparel when topped with a hand painted hat of like design and finished with handpainted hose and slippers to boot.

Fine indeed for the maid who has sense enough to come in out of the rain.

Painted parasols are exceptionally charming. They carry out the design of the rest of your painted costume, or they may be an original theme. A woman in a dress of clusters of purple and yellow pansies is indeed food for thought. We have long had lamp shades and candle shades hand-painted, so why make light of hand-painted sunshades?

Anyway you look a handpainted summer seems imminent. All summer girls will be "Mind-the-paint-girls" and of a necessity "Watch your step" as a watch word will fade into oblivion before the admonition "Mind the paint."

Let us hope we don't all have the painter's colic before the season's over.

DOCTOR SERMONIZES ON EFFECT OF DRUNKENNESS

By SAMUEL G. DIXON, M. D., LL. D. (Pennsylvania Commissioner of Health)

A drunken man is the most dangerous, demoralizing factor in civilized life.

The wild beast of the forest is a plaything in comparison.

He sets all laws at naught and becomes an instrument of the devil. Man exalted by any kind of mental over-crazion is drunk and a menace to every one with whom he comes in contact.

The wild dash of mind and body during the stage of over-stimulation may be fascinating to the individual but when the inevitable reaction comes, death may ensue or, that which is worse, returning consciousness bring a realization of a horrible crime committed.

Body and mind are weakened and less able to control the insane desire to exhilarate again and again until untimely death ends a life that might have been a boon to humanity in some useful path.

Some temperaments become alcoholic and are oblivious to the past and reckless as to what is to come. In such the harm to them and others comes through neglected duties.

Drunkenness is over-stimulation that destroys normal conditions. It may even be occasioned by the psychology of a crowd. There are various stimulants that will make a person drunk.

Her Status. He—"What's her social status?" She (grimly)—"Standing room only."—Judge.

HERE'S A REAL WONDER

A MODERN VENUS

Perfect Counterpart of Venus de Milo at Savannah.

Perfection of Womanly Grace and Beauty Is She.

FOR YEARS SHE DIDN'T KNOW IT

And She Always Has Stayed at Home in Evenings.

No Desire to Vote Despite Her Wondrous Comparison.

Savannah, Ga., May 6.—An almost perfect counterpart of the Venus de Milo, the famous Greek statue which has been regarded through all the ages as the perfection of womanly grace and beauty, has been found in the person of Miss Doris Litman, of Savannah.

Nineteen years old, athletic and graceful, Miss Litman has an edge on the majority of Venuses so far discovered in that her measurements compare almost accurately with those of the world-famous statue in the Louvre, while contemporary aspirants among living women for the honor in the majority of instances fall far short at some point.

Miss Doris Litman.

This perfect girl was discovered through an innocent query asking how many Venuses there might be in Savannah, following a recent agitation among the colleges of the country to find a woman of perfect proportions, as compared with the measurements of the Milo Venus, generally accepted as the standard of perfection.

Miss Litman has much in common with the ancient lady in Louvre besides her figure. From all obtainable contemporary accounts Mrs. Venus was what one might call a domesticated lady, fond of staying at home and mending Hephæstus' sandals, and she was neither modern for her time nor a suffragist. Neither is the Venus of Savannah a suffragist or any other kind of reformer. She states emphatically that she has no desire to vote, and a place in her home is joy enough for her.

"I just want to live and be happy," she says, "and it doesn't matter to me whether the women get the vote or not. I like to dance and I like athletics. I belong to a girls' basketball team and I take exercise regularly. I am glad that my proportions are so perfect. Any girl would be proud to know that she is physically normal."

Brothers Found It Out. Miss Litman had never imagined that she was anywhere near the measurements of the famous lady of the Louvre, and had spent some time wondering who in Savannah would prove to be nearest the ancient Greek standard, when she was persuaded by her brothers to compare her measurements with those of other claimants to feminine perfection, just for the fun of the thing. Imagine her surprise when she found that she was herself a perfect Venus.

Her Measurements. Here are the comparative measurements of the Venus and Miss Litman:

Venus	Miss Litman
5 ft. 4 in.	5 ft. 4 in.
21.3 in.	21.3 in.
12.5 in.	12.5 in.
33 in.	33 in.
26 in.	26 in.
28 in.	28 in.
22.5 in.	22.5 in.
12.5 in.	12.5 in.
7.4 in.	7.4 in.
15 in.	15 in.
12.5 in.	12.5 in.
9.6 in.	9.6 in.

Dr. Price's CREAM BAKING POWDER

Sixty Years the Standard

No Alum—No Phosphate